

CHANDAMAMA

APRIL 1982

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QUEEN



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faces with - To opt for a Pseudo -
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CHANDAMAMA

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Controlling Editor : NAGI REDDI

TALES FROM MANY LANDS

The *Chandamama* brings to you so many things. As your interest is varied, as your need too is varied, your magazine keeps giving you various features. If for some time we ran a series on the tales behind phrases and proverbs, at another period we told you about the man-made marvels in the world. If once we went on recounting to you the memorable moments from history, at another time we took you on a tour of the country.

But with one thing your magazine remains always steady. What is it? Of course, the answer is on the tip of your tongue: **STORIES!**

Yes, the *Chandamama* is, first and foremost, a magazine devoted to telling stories. From the previous issue you will see that added to the bunch of stories is a tale specifically identified with a country, like "A Tale from Sri Lanka", "A Tale from Israel", etc. They are carefully chosen items from different countries—to give you a glimpse of the wit, wisdom, and the heritage of that country. Hope, you will find them interesting and significant.

IN THIS ISSUE

The Ambassador's Duty (Story), The Invincible Raghu (Commencing the New Pictorial Story), Wrong Judgement (A Tale from Israel), The Lost Twins, Deep into the Dark Continent, Crows Today (Story), Raziya the Ruling Queen, The Wolf Goes on a Fast, Midnight Chums (Story), The Merchant's Rival, An Excellent Discovery (Story), Devi Bhagavatham, The Goddess and the Idler (Story) PLUS regular features

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NEWS FLASH

New Dinosaurs!

"Sixty-four million years after they vanished abruptly and mysteriously from the face of the earth, dinosaurs are still making news," says a recent issue of the Science Digest (U.S.A.) Astonishingly indeed, fossils of new kinds of dinosaurs have lately been found. Names given to them are: *Amazing Terrible Hand*, *Tiny Horned-Face* and *Savage Lizard*. Since 19th century 300 genera of dinosaurs have been found.



The Sun on Your Table

The day is not far when your room—be it airconditioned or without any window—can be lighted by the sun!

Maurice Daniel, a physicist-inventor is now busy perfecting the device by which sunlight can be channelised into a room, through lightpipes made of a fabric with special optic fibres.

After the sunset there will be special lamps to maintain same brightness.



New Dinosaurs! The Sun on Your Table A New
Marathon The Detective Serpent

A New Marathon

There is nothing wrong in inventing new competitions or races as long as they are healthy and they can keep people engaged, with good humour.

A marathon race with a difference was conducted in New York recently. The competitors were required to climb briskly the 1575 steps of the Empire State Building. The race was won by Pete Squire in 10 minutes and 59 seconds.



The Detective Serpent

Detectives in Rio de Janeiro used a strange agent to make the suspects confess their guilt. The agent was a two-metre long serpent, tamed by a police officer. Left alone in the company of the serpent, even the most hardened criminal broke down soon. The court, however, ruled that this was illegal. The detective snake is now an attraction in the zoo.





THE AMBASSADOR'S DUTY

Vajrasen, the king of Bhadradesh, was a wise ruler. The kings of the neighbourhood respected him.

He had authorised one emissary of his to work as his ambassador for two small neighbouring kingdoms, Madhupur and Rajnagar. The emissary camped in a town that was close to both the kingdoms.

This able officer died all of a sudden.

The king's council of ministers recommended two names for the vacant post. One's name was Lalit; the other's was Sukumar.

The king was required to select one of them. He called Lalit and said, "Go and meet

the king of Madhupur. See if we can strengthen our relationship. If necessary a treaty of friendship can be signed. Observe the situation for a while. Here is a gift for the king."

Lalit received the gift packet, bowed to the king, and left for Madhupur with some bodyguards.

Next the king summoned Sukumar and gave him the same kind of instruction and sent him to Rajnagar, also with a gift. Both the officers had been asked to report in the court by a certain date.

Lalit returned on time. "What is your observation?" asked the king.

"My lord, I understood

the king of Madhupur considers himself a ruler subordinate to you. There can be no question of a treaty with a subordinate king. The relation between the two kingdoms appears to be excellent. There is no need for us to make any special effort for friendship. I have not yet handed over the gift to the king of Madhupur. I was afraid, in the prevailing situation the gift might raise doubts in his mind. He might also think that we fear him and we are trying to appease him," explained Lalit.

The courtiers were heard murmuring. They did not like Lalit bringing back the gift. The

king kept quiet.

Sukumar returned two days late. He was all smiles.

"My lord, the king of Rajnagar was overjoyed with the gift and at the proposal of a treaty. He requested me to stay on for two more days which I did. That is why I am late," said Sukumar.

King Vajrasen looked grave. Next day it was notified that Lalit had been appointed to the post.

The courtiers were surprised. They thought that it had been audacious of Lalit to bring the gift back, while Sukumar had done much! A senior nobleman





questioned the king about the wisdom of his choice.

The king explained: "An ambassador is not like any other officer. He is like a minister. He must apply his own mind and see if the king made any mistake. Lalit observed the situation and came to seek our advice if it would be right to give a gift to the king of Madhupur. Both Madhupur and Rajnagar

are subordinate to us. What applies to Madhupur, also applies to Rajnagar. But Sukumar did not think independently. He even forgot the date on which he was to report to me and enjoyed Rajnagar's hospitality for two more days! Who between the two is intelligent and dependable?"

The courtiers appreciated the king's point of view.



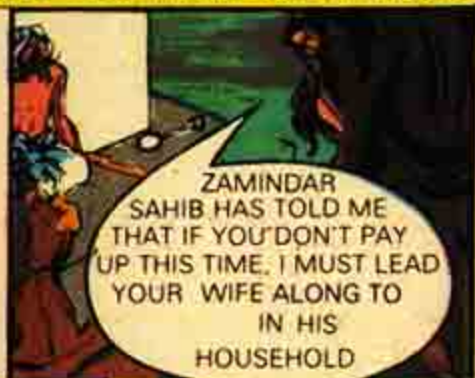
In front of a temple a man was praying with folded hands — but with his sandals on. A thief who coveted his sandals, said, "Friend, should you not pray bare-footed?"

"Perhaps I should, but the problem is, I have to add to my prayer another item: O Lord, see to it that my sandals are not stolen!" replied the devotee.





ONE EVENING, WHEN THE SKY WAS DARK, ZAMINDAR BRAJGOPAL SENT HIS MAN, NIDHIRAM, TO COLLECT HIS TAXES FROM PRABHAKAR, A PEASANT



USTAD NIDHIRAM WHO WEILDED HIS LATHI SKILFULLY WAS NOTORIOUS FOR BRINGING IT DOWN ON THE BACKS OF INNOGENT MEN PRABHAKAR WAS TOO POOR TO PAY WHAT THE ZAMINDAR DEMANDED



THE SIXTEEN-YEAR OLD RAGHU LOOKED ON AS PRABHAKAR, WHO LIKE A FATHER TO HIM, PLEADED FOR MERCY

PRABHAKAR WAS OLD, BUT HE HAD STRENGTH AND COURAGE. ANGRILY HE PICKED UP HIS STICK. BUT WHO COULD BE A MATCH FOR USTAD NIDHIRAM?



POOR PRABHAKAR WAS STRUCK HARD BEFORE HE COULD STEP ASIDE. ONE BLOW KNOCKED OFF HIS STICK; ANOTHER CRACKED HIS SKULL. HE FELL DOWN.



KICKING THE HALF DEAD PRABHAKAR, NIDHIRAM TRIES TO DRAG HIS WIFE AWAY. RAGHU DOES HIS BEST TO STOP HIM BUT —





WITH ONE PUSH RAGHU FALLS. THAT NIGHT PRABHAKAR DIES...



FEARING THE ZAMINDAR, THE VILLAGERS DESERT RAGHU. ALONE HE LIGHTS THE FUNERAL PYRE AND SITS CRYING BY THE RIVERSIDE FOR A LONG TIME...



RAGHU WIPES HIS TEARS AND BROODS OVER THE QUESTION: ARE HELPLESS PEOPLE ALWAYS TO MEET THIS FATE? AT DAWN RAGHU LEAVES



THE VILLAGE LOOKING FOR BHAIRAV THAKUR, NIDHIRAM'S GURU RAGHU



MUST LEARN FROM THE GURU THE ART OF FIGHTING WITH LATHI. IT'S A



LONG WALK. RAGHU CANNOT FORGET FOR A MOMENT NIDHIRAM'S INSULTING WORDS. RAGHU COMES ACROSS MANY

CASES OF OPPRESSION. MEETS ONE CRYING OVER A LOST SON.

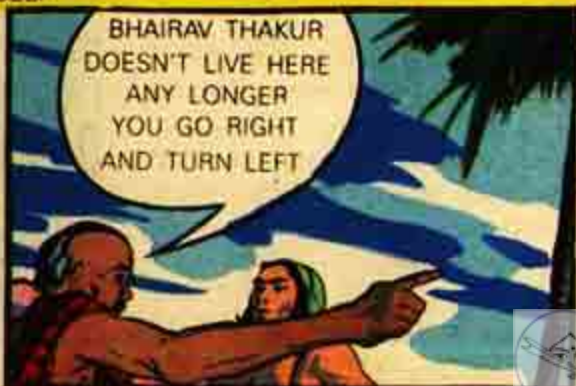




THE ZAMINDAR'S HENCHMEN SETTING FIRE TO POOR PEASANTS' HUTS



DEPRIVED OF LAND AND SHELTER A HELPLESS MOTHER CLUTCHING HER SON AND TREMBLING WITH FEAR. ALL THIS MUST BE AVENGED!—RAGHU MUTTERS TO HIMSELF



A TALE FROM ISRAEL

WRONG JUDGEMENT



without some people cursing the wealthy man.

One day the wealthy man died. He had nobody of his own. His servant ran to the priest and the village elders and informed them of the death. "We have no desire to carry the miser's body in a procession. We have no time to pray for

"How strange is this world! There lives the richest man of this region, but he won't give a single pie to anyone. And there lives a poor cobbler—who gives away in charity every bit of money he earns!"

This was a comment that was heard a hundred times a year. The richest man of the region was also notorious as the meanest miser; and the poor cobbler was adored as the most generous man.

A day did not pass without some people being benefited by the cobbler. A day did not pass





miser who supplied me with the money I gave to the needy. He had made me take a vow that I will never disclose this to anybody as long as he lived. None of you ever asked how I got so much money to give to others!"

The people were stunned. They felt ashamed for what they thought and said of the departed soul. "We are guilty of wrong judgement," said the priest.

The cobbler then brought out the will the rich man had left in his custody. He had bequeathed all his property to the poor and the sick.

him," said the elders. The priest ordered for his dead body to be buried in his own courtyard.

Thereafter whenever anybody came to the cobbler seeking alms, he was told, "I've nothing to give you. Go away!"

The priest and the village elders wondered why the miser's death should bring about such a change in the cobbler. One day they sent for him and asked him to explain his conduct.

Said the cobbler while tears rolled down his cheeks: "It was the man whom you called a



Miser's Boasting

Bachu Roy never stopped boasting of his money though he never spent a pie for anybody or for any good cause.

One day he was on his way to the town. Several carts and carriages passed him on the highway. They offered him seats for a rupee, but Bachu Roy would pay only half a rupee.

One carter said, "Babu, nobody would take you for the amount you are willing to pay. However if you have no money, I will take you free."

"Shut up! Who are you to take pity on me? I have five thousand rupees with me!" blurted out Bachu.

"God bless you!" said the carter and he went away.

Suddenly a highway robber leaped out of a bush. "Come out with your five thousand! Quick!" he said menacingly.

Bachu grew pale. He was carrying only hundred rupees. He surrendered his bag to the robber.

"If you are a miser, you should not boast of your wealth. Understand? I would not have cared to confront you for a hundred rupees," said the robber, leaving Bachu stranded.



THE LOST TWINS

Long long ago there lived a merchant who had two little sons—twins.

Once the merchant sailed for a distant island. The king of the island found in him a friend, philosopher, and guide. He did not let him leave his court.

Years passed. The merchant's wife, distressed at her husband's long absence, set out for the island, along with her two sons.

A few years passed on their way. One night they were camping in a port-town. They heard that a ship that came from the

island, where the merchant was, lay at anchor there.

"Go and enquire of the men in the ship about your father," the merchant's wife told her sons.

The two boys went aboard the ship. They started playing hide and seek on the deck, forgetting for the time being the purpose of their visit to the ship.

It so happened that the ship belonged to none other than their father. He had taken leave of the king of the island and was sailing home.





While the two boys were frolicking on the deck, the merchant found out that his money-bag was missing. A servant of his ship who had stolen the bag falsely accused the two visiting boys of the crime. The furious merchant, not knowing who the boys were, commanded his servants to throw them into the sea.

The merchant's wife passed the night in great anxiety, waiting for the return of her sons. When it was dawn, she went to the port and asked all if any of them had seen her sons.

Her husband, the merchant, saw her. He was happy to be

united with her. But the happiness was short-lived. When he heard from her a description of the boys, he felt like going mad, for he had thrown his own sons into the sea!

Now their only hope and prayer was that their sons had been able to reach the shore. The couple went from place to place, looking for them. Time rolled by. They did not succeed in their mission and they grew more and more disappointed. They went back home.

They decided to adopt a son. One day the merchant bought a boy from a slave-market. When he brought him home, his wife exclaimed, "O my life, my son!"

Indeed, it was one of their lost sons. But the boy could not say what happened to his brother. Thrown into the sea, they had drifted in different directions. He had been rescued by a boat. The boatman had sold him to a slave-dealer.

With a new-found enthusiasm the merchant set up a new business and prospered. A time came when he was once again able to sail for an island with merchandise.

The island they reached was ruled by a young king. The merchant's son went to greet

him with some gifts. The young king instantly took a fancy for him. He invited him for dinner. Thereafter he insisted that he live with him!

The merchant's son too took a deep liking for the young king. Days passed happily.

One evening the young king fell sick. For some time the merchant's son had a suspicion that the king had some enemies in the palace. He feared that they might harm the king when they knew that the king lay sick—unable to protect himself.

At night the merchant's son stood guard before the king's bed-chamber, his sword drawn. In the morning the king was better. Those who were jealous of the merchant's son whispered to the king that at night the young man had been seen with his sword drawn, approaching the king's chamber. If he had not dared to harm the king, it is because others saw him in that condition.

The king was in no mood to believe this. However, he feigned to be ill again in the evening. Afraid of foul play on him at night, the merchant's son appeared at the door-step with sword drawn.

"Capture him!" shouted the



young king. Guards who were in hiding took hold of the young man and threw him into gaol.

Next day the young man's enemies pleaded with the king that the prisoner be put to death without any delay.

"I know what a blunder a hasty action can mean. I must wait," said the king.

Next day, a messenger brought a letter to the king. It was from the prisoner's father. It read: "My lord, for one hasty action I am repenting all my life. I pray that you look into the allegation against my son thoroughly before punishing him further!"



The letter echoed his own words! The king was amused. He sent for the merchant. When the merchant came, he asked him what was the action that made him repent all his life.

"Can you believe me, my lord? I threw both my sons into the sea!" cried out the merchant. Then he narrated the whole episode.

The young king listened to him, speechless. Then he desired to meet the merchant's wife. She was brought to the court.

"My mother! Don't you recognise me?" cried out the young king and he fell into the lady's arms.

"My child!" That is all the merchant's wife could utter. She was in tears.

It was a revelation to the merchant that his other son had been swept ashore and had attracted the attention of the king of the island. The childless king had adopted him and he had succeeded him to the throne. No wonder that the twins, without knowing that they were brothers, used to feel a strong attachment for each other.

The king reached the prison in a bound and embraced his brother.

All ended well and they lived happily.



Deep into the Dark Continent

"Sir! There is a huge giant—the biggest in the world—lying on the other side of the forest. It breathes vapour that shoots upward to the clouds. It roars or snores terribly loud. You can see the vapour and hear the sound before long," some Africans warned a white man who only nodded.

At a turn of the difficult route passing through the forest, the traveller's native companions shouted, "Now, look and hear!"

The sky over the forest was

overcast with columns of rising vapour, and a terrific sound could be heard.

It was not easy for the traveller—Dr. David Livingstone—to persuade his companions not to flee. He asserted that what they would soon be seeing was not a sleeping giant, but a natural spectacle.

Indeed, what a marvellous spectacle it was! It was a waterfall that came down from a height of 400 feet in an unbroken volume! The vapour





smooth at all. The native tribes of Africa were suspicious of him. What was he? A magician? A supernatural being? One out to subdue them? They did not know. It was difficult for Livingstone to explain to them his sheer spirit of discovery.

One night, while Livingstone and his men were on the bank of the river Zambesi, a group of natives came to attack them with pointed arrows. At night it was impossible for Livingstone's party to cross over to the other bank. And because it was dark, the natives also could not take aim at them.

that rose high could be seen from miles away. The speed, the rhythm, and the mass of the falling water were a breath-taking sight.

David Livingstone named the mighty fall the Victoria Fall.

Dr. Livingstone launched his expedition into Africa three times and discovered for the rest of the world the hidden features of the 'dark continent'—such as the river Zambesi, Lake Moerio, Lake Bangweolo, and Lake Nyassa. His vivid account of the merciless slave-trade that was going on did much to arouse public conscience against it.

But his expeditions were not

Then day broke out. The situation grew more and more tense. If the hostile tribe did not begin shooting at once, it was because they feared that Livingstone might be having some supernatural power.

Livingstone took full advantage of their hesitation. He focused his burning glass on a dry bush and set it aflame. The crowd was awe-struck at such a show of his power. Livingstone stood there and saw all his men cross the river. He was the last to cross it.

Livingstone's last expedition into Africa was launched in 1865, after he spent a few

months in India. He was equipped with all the necessities and servants and lieutenants.

On his way to Lake Tanganyika Livingstone had to suffer great hardship. Because he must pass through unfriendly lands, most of his companions abandoned him. Some of them reached Zanzibar and spread the rumour that Livingstone had been killed by the natives.

The lands through which Livingstone continued his travel were beset with famine and epidemic. What was perhaps worse, slave-traders swooped down on villages and beat up and carried away any able-bodied man they saw—for selling him abroad like an animal.

Two of Livingstone's servants who carried all his medicines suddenly escaped with their loads. Livingstone, who had already fallen sick, was left without any medicine.

But Livingstone pushed ahead—growing more and more weak, but never giving up hope. On the 1st of April, 1867, he stood on the bank of Lake Tanganyika.

He could have called a halt to his expedition there, on a successful note. But he must explore further—Lake Moerio



and Lake Bangweolo. Passing through an unknown land, after Moerio, he was attacked by a crowd that threw spears at his party from hiding. Without retaliating, Livingstone marched on.

In the meanwhile clothes, food and medicine had arrived for him at a place called Ujiji. But the local chief had sold or swallowed them all!

This shocked Livingstone. He had no link with the world outside Africa. He was so sick that he could neither walk nor ride. A few faithful servants carried him on an improvised stretcher.



In the meanwhile many in England and America were worried over the brave explorer's fate. People debated whether he was dead or alive.

The New York Herald, a well-known newspaper, took a novel step. It deputed one of its courageous reporters, Henry Stanley, to trace Livingstone. Stanley was provided with enough money and men. He took up the challenge.

Stanley's journey in search of Livingstone was no less adventurous. At last, at Ujiji, he found out the frail explorer, coming out of his tent.

"Dr. Livingstone, I pre-

sume?" said Stanley, taking off his hat—a greeting that has become a proverb!

Stanley returned with authentic news about Livingstone, but Livingstone continued in his mission.

Livingstone was approaching Lake Bangweolo. One morning his servants entered his tent and found him seated as if in prayer. He was dead. It was 1st of May 1873.

His faithful companions embalmed his body and carried it to the coast. It was then brought to London and buried in Westminster Abbey.



A BURGLAR'S ANGUISH

At night a thief had entered Rao's house. It was seen in the morning that though he had made a bundle of goods stolen from Rao's house, he had not carried it away. It was lying near the compound wall.

The neighbours gathered and debated among themselves the cause of the burglar leaving his bundle behind.

"The coward must have got nervous and fled without it," said one.

"I think the fellow's greed surpassed his capacity. He collected many things, but was too weak to carry them," commented another.

"I think the fellow was just stupid!" said the third neighbour.

Suddenly Dabu, a fellow who had just settled down near the village, burst out in an anguished voice: "I tell you, he was neither coward, nor weak, nor stupid. Had the bundle not slipped off his back while he was crossing the wall you would not be in a position to make such wrong comments!"





CROWS TODAY

In the village of Dhanipur there stood an old tree. A number of crows lived in it. Nearby was a tube-well. After the villagers pumped water out of it, a little water always remained collected in the holes around it. The crows cooled themselves in those holes.

It was a hot summer noon. A young crow felt thirsty. He flew down near the tube-well, but found the ground around it entirely dry. There was no possibility of any villager coming for water at that hour of the day. The young crow returned to the tree and asked an old crow, "Grandpa, where to get a little water? I don't find even a drop of it anywhere!"

The old crow thought over the question for a moment. "I know about a crow who, in days gone by, had felt thirsty like

you. He found a pot. There was some water in it, but his beak was too small to reach it. He collected pebbles and dropped them into the pot. The level of the water rose. At last it reached his beak and he could drink. Let's do something similar," the old crow said.

"Is there no other way of satisfying our thirst?" asked the young crow.

"Well, there is no reason why we should not try a trusted method," said the old crow.

The two of them went out. Soon they chanced upon an earthen pot with some water in it. Nearby were pebbles galore. They began dropping the pebbles into the pot. But they got tired before the pot had been filled up even to its one-fourth. They remembered the instance of the crow of the bygone age

and persisted in their mission. But at last they realised that it was a futile exercise.

"Grandpa, how could that crow perform such a feat? I'm afraid you lied to me!" said the young crow.

"Shut up! How do you call me a liar? Haven't I continued hearing for twelve years this story as taught at the primary school? Naturally I believed this to be true!" explained the old crow.

"I'd very much like to meet that teacher. Will you please lead me to him?" proposed the

young crow. The old crow was quite willing to oblige him.

The teacher's house was not far. The two crows saw him relaxing in a chair on his verandah. Inside the house there were two large pots filled with water to their brims.

The teacher's wife was seen carrying a heap of utensils to the backyard of the house. The young crow whispered something to the old one. Then he flew straight through the house and picked up a small spoon from the heap of utensils and perched on the roof of the





neighbour's house.

"Look at the audacity of a crow! It took away a spoon right from my hand!" cried out the teacher's wife.

The teacher came running to the scene. The husband and wife saw the young crow on the neighbour's roof. The teacher found a ladder and tried to reach the crow. The crow left the spoon on the roof and flew away.

While the teacher and his wife were at the backyard of the house, both the crows entered the house and began sipping water from the cool jars. They continued doing so until the teacher's wife came in. They flew away instantly.

"I must confess that the crows of the new generation are far more clever than the crows of my generation!" mumbled out the old crow.



THE BOSS IS OBEYED!

The officer used to tell his subordinates that whenever they have something to tell him, they should submit it in writing.

"Wake me up at 4 A.M." He told three of his lieutenants. He was to catch a plane at 6 A.M.

He got up at 8 A.M. and saw three notes placed near his bed. "Sir, it is 4 A.M. Please get up."



Rama Navami

On the 2nd of April this year will be celebrated the Birth Day of Lord Rama. It is called the *Ram Navami*—the ninth day of the bright fortnight in the month of *Chaitra*, dedicated to Rama.

Rama, the 7th incarnation of Vishnu, was born in Ayodhya, once a magnificent city, ruled by his father Dasharatha.

King Dasharatha had three queens, Kaushalya, Kaikeyi, and Sumitra. The king performed a *Yajna*, praying for sons. As a result, queen Kaushalya gave birth to Rama, Queen Kaikeyi gave birth to Bharata, and Queen Sumitra gave birth to Lakshmana and Shatrughna.

Rama, when he was barely fourteen, was led by Sage Viswamitra into the forest. There he killed some demons who were harassing the hermits.

The episodes of Rama voluntarily going on an exile for fourteen years, Sita, his wife, being kidnapped by Ravana, the demon-king of Lanka, Hanuman tracing her, and Rama rescuing her, are well-known, thanks to Valmiki, the poet of the *Ramayana*.

At Ayodhya and at different places all over India the Birth Day of Rama becomes a festive day. Plays and dances on his life are enacted and songs depicting his glory are sung by devotees.





SUPERSTITIONS

Subbrata Keshari, the young king of Kumarkot, married Geetanjali, the charming daughter of a nobleman.

One day, Geetanjali's brother, Suketu, who lived in a foreign land, came to meet the young king. He had brought for the king a casket with seven jewels inside it.

Far from being happy with the precious gift, the young king swept it aside, drew a long face, and hardly spoke to Suketu. This was quite humiliating and puzzling for Suketu.

Queen Geetanjali alone understood her husband's mind. He had a great fear for the number seven. It was because at the age of seven he was on the verge of death, by drowning in the river. Another time, while his parents were camping in the frontier of their kingdom along with him, seven assassins

attempted on their lives. Their escape was Providential.

"But this is going too far. We must do something to cure the king of his superstition," Geetanjali told her brother. They discussed the issue between them and decided upon a plan to reform the king.

It was given out that a renowned Yogi had arrived in the city. The king invited him to the court. "O holy man, what method should one follow to pray to God?"

"Chant the Lord's name seven times in the morning and seven times in the evening," said the Yogi.

"Seven times? Why?" asked the king, looking shocked!

"Why seven? Well, you will be wise to chant His name seventy, eighty, hundred, thousand—as many times as you please. What matters is your

devotion and not the number. Since it is good to follow a discipline, I gave you the number seven. It is because seven is an auspicious number. Within seven we come and within seven we go!" answered the Yogi.

"What do you mean?"

"A week is made of seven days, isn't that so? We come to the world—that is to say we are born—on one of these seven days. We die on one of the days of the week too. Where is our existence outside seven?"

"But I was under the impression that the number seven was bad!" said the king. He then narrated his misfortunes that were associated with the number seven.

"My dear king, this way you have understood all amiss! It is because you fell into the river when aged seven that you survived. It is because seven assas-

sins attacked you that they failed to harm you!"

The Yogi continued: "The seven sages whose names are borne by the Saptarshis—the seven stars—are great. The sun-ray has seven colours; seven are the scales of music. The bride and bridegroom are required to take seven steps together while marrying. Isn't seven an auspicious number?"

"It is, indeed," said the king. "I'll begin all good works in the seventh hour of the day or on the seventh day of the month!"

At night Suketu's friend, who had assumed the role of the Yogi, laughed and told him, "Your brother-in-law is free from one superstition, but, I am afraid, he is the victim of another. Now onward he will value only number seven!"

"In due course we will cure him of that too." said Suketu.





STORY OF INDIA-44

TRAGEDY OF A QUEEN

Sultana Razia, the monarch of Delhi, was a brave warrior. She ruled justly and did not care for what others thought of her personal life. She dressed in a manly fashion and loved riding horses.

Once when she was falling from a horse, an Abyssinian officer of her court, Yaqut, went to her rescue. Razia liked the officer. He was an able horseman and an intelligent man.



Sultana Razia struck a friendship with Yaqut. They were seen together in the palace and in the gardens again and again. Other officers of the court grew jealous of Yaqut.



The Turkish nobles were the most powerful group in the court of Raziya. They hated the Abyssinian Yaqut. They conspired to dethrone Raziya and make some one of their choice a puppet king.

Sultana Raziya was informed of the conspiracy by her clever maids. They requested her to flee the castle. But she said that she had done no wrong and had no cause to hide herself.



She faced the rebel Turks alone. "I know my duty well. Nobody has any business to tell me whom I should bolden and whom avoid," she asserted. But the nobles, blind with fury, refused to see her point.



The Turkish robbers raided Yagut's house. Before he had a chance to reach his sword, they killed him. They ended the life of a good young man whose only fault was to give comfort to a ruling queen.

Sultana Raziya was taken prisoner. After reigning over the Delhi Sultanate for three and half years, she was thrown into a room in a fort, heavily guarded by the Turks.



While a prisoner Raziya wrote a private letter to Alauddin, the leader of the Turkish nobility. Then she met him secretly. Alauddin was won over by the beautiful queen and was ready to die for her.

Altunia raised a small army. The fort was then seized by him. He and Raziya were married. At the meanwhile one of her step-brothers had ascended the throne of the Delhi Sultanate.



Altunia and Raziya led an expedition to Delhi. Altunia was determined to restore the throne to Raziya. The news of their march reached the court and the Turkish nobles raised a war-cry.

Soon a battle ensued. Raziya and Altunia fought bravely, but failed. They were imprisoned and then killed. Thus ended the life of one of the last warrior queens the world had ever seen.



LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

THE WOLF GOES ON A FAST

In a forest on the bank of the Ganga lived a wolf. Nearby was a rock that jutted forth into the river.

One day the wolf fell asleep on the rock. A flood came in the river. It became an islet.

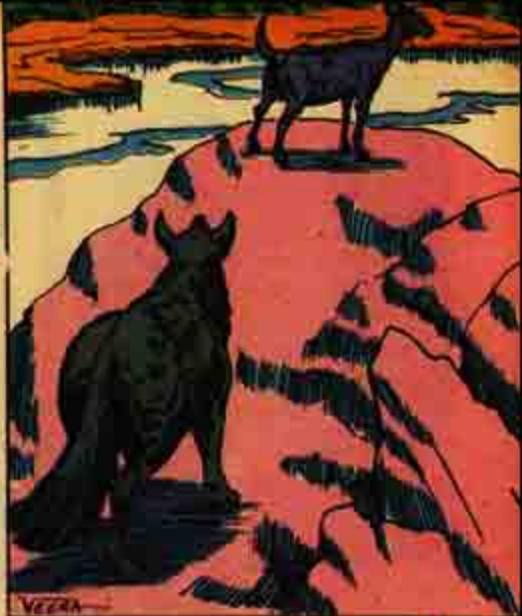
The wolf woke up and took stock of the situation. There was a strong flow in the river. He understood that he would not be able to cross into the forest.

"It seems, today I have to go without any food. Well, people fast for a day from time to time for religious benefit. Let me also look upon this day as a day of religious fasting," he thought.

Raising his voice, he said, "Gods, I am undertaking a pious fast today. Be witness to this and see to it that I earn the benefit due to such a penance!".

The Bodhisattva happened to be there, invisible though. He assumed the form of a goat and ambled about on the rock.

As soon as the wolf's eyes fell on the goat, he mumbled, "Well, I can postpone my fast to another day and feast on the



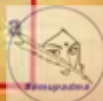
goat today!"

He jumped up and tried to catch the goat, but the goat slipped away. The wolf looked for it in every nook and corner of the islet, but found no trace of it. The only outcome of the chase was, he was tired, over and above being hungry.

He lay down again and said, "Listen, Gods, I continue in my fast!"

The spirit of Bodhisattva burst into a roaring laughter. "You hypocrite! You dream of deceiving the gods, do you?" he thundered.

The wolf slunk away to hiding.





MIDNIGHT CHUMS

People saw a mendicant passing his days under a banian tree outside their village. They gathered the impression that the mendicant was a sage. They were not wrong.

They built a cottage for him near the banian tree. Some villager or the other brought him food every day. There were days when nobody brought him any food. But that made no difference to the sage. He was always calm and happy. A villager thought that it would be nice to present a milch cow to the sage so that he can have milk regularly. A shed was raised near the sage's cottage to shelter the cow. An old lady milked the cow for the sage. The cowherd boys of the village led it to the fields and guided it back to the shed.

The cow soon attracted the

attention of a thief. He knew that nobody guarded the shed at night. It should not be difficult to steal the cow—he thought.

It was a dark night. The thief was on his way to the sage's cottage. It appeared to him that someone was following him.

"Who is it?" he asked threateningly, looking over his shoulder.

"No fear, chum! I have a feeling that you are not much different from me, though you are a human being and I am a ghoul in human form," said the stranger.

The thief gave a start. The ghoul came closer and said, "I repeat, no fear. From the atmosphere you carry I can feel that you are out to harm somebody. My mission is not different. Being a ghoul, my pleasure lies in harassing the villa-

gers. But since the arrival of the sage in the village, my work is hindered. He gives peace and good sense to people. He solves their quarrel. I feel so bored! This is an inauspicious hour for human beings and auspicious hour for ghosts, ghouls, witches and imps. I am going to kill him."

"Fine. I don't have such high ambition. All I want is to steal his cow," said the thief. They shook hands and became friends.

Soon they were near the sage's cottage. Thought the thief, "Should the ghoulish try to kill the sage first, the sage might

shout for help. My work will be foiled. I must act before him." Thought the ghoulish: "Should the thief try to steal the cow first, the animal might give out a low and that might wake up the sage. He can then recite a *mantra* and protect himself. I must do my work first."

"My brother, allow me to finish the sage first. Then you go away with the cow," the ghoulish proposed.

"No, ghoulish dear, you came after me. You ought to let me do my work first," said the thief.

The Ghoulish did not agree to this. They quarrelled and came to blows.





"Get up, O Sage, a ghou! is going to kill you!" shouted the thief.

"Here is a wicked thief, about to take your cow away," shouted the ghoul.

Their shrieks not only

awakened the sage, but also attracted some villagers who were returning from a dramatic show in another village. Among them was an exorcist. He instantly pinned the the ghoul to a tree. Others captured the thief.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





*New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire*

**THE
MERCHANT'S
RIVAL**

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Flashes of lightning revealed fearful faces. The roar of thunder was punctuated by howls of jackals and eerie laughter of spirits.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, I hope you are not trying to achieve something as somebody else's rival. The outcome of a rivalry can be quite unexpected. Let me give you an illustration. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: A century ago the city of Matanga was a great centre of commerce. Among the most widely re-



spected merchants of the city was Sudhakar. He traded in sandalwood and spices and had grown prosperous. He was known not only for his honesty, but also for his cleverness.

A young man named Ravi, coming from a village, settled down in the city and opened a shop. He traded in the same goods in which Sudhakar almost held a monopoly.

Ravi's rivalry hardly had any effect on Sudhakar's business. Sudhakar's customers were mostly foreigners. They came to Matanga once a year and loaded their ships with what he sold them, and left. Sudhakar made a handsome profit.

The owner of the lodge in which the foreigners resided when they came to Matanga was an old man. One day Ravi invited him for dinner. After pleasing the old man with delicious dishes and many sweet words, Ravi said, "Sir, I shall be grateful to you if you introduce me to the foreigners when they come here next. I am prepared to sell them my goods at rates much cheaper than charged by Sudhakar."

The old man did not look pleased at all. "Young man, you are not doing anything wise," he



said. "Sudhakar keeps only a reasonable profit for himself. By supplying goods to the foreign merchants at a cheaper rate, you are going to harm not only Sudhakar, but also our kingdom. Sudhakar may close down his business if he loses those customers. But can you afford to supply them the goods at your cheaper rate all the time? You cannot. The merchants, displeased with you, will naturally seek their goods in other kingdoms. I suggest that you have a talk with Sudhakar. He is kind-hearted. He will guide you in your business."

"Why should I go to him for



guidance? Is he cleverer than I?" demanded Ravi, rather agitated.

"Of course he is. He is the cleverest man in the city," the old man commented bluntly.

Ravi sighed. "I wish I could prove that I am cleverer than Sudhakar!" he said.

The old man laughed. "People will take you as clever only when Sudhakar calls you clever!" he said.

"I should do something which Sudhakar cannot do," said Ravi wistfully.

"Sudhakar can alone say what he cannot do. If you have the courage, you can straight

approach him and ask him what would impress him!" the old man said.

Ravi was provoked. He met Sudhakar the next day. "Sir, you are looked upon as the cleverest man in the city. But I do not think myself to be less clever. Will you please put me to test? I am ready to undertake any work which you cannot do!"

"Well, I cannot make Motigupta of Swavanti give me a diamond. If you are able to bring a diamond from him, I should have no hesitation in calling you a really clever man!" said Sudhakar.

"You wish me to buy a diamond from him or steal it from him?"

"How you get it from him is your business," said Sudhakar.

Ravi left for Swavanti the very next day. He carried enough money with him to buy a diamond from Motigupta. But, to his utter surprise, he found that there was no wealthy man in Swavanti by the name Motigupta.

It was by chance that a merchant knew a poor man called Motigupta. Ravi, following the merchant's instruction, found out Motigupta's hut near a temple. Within minutes he realised

that to ask Motigupta about any diamond would be sheer madness for Motigupta had renounced the world and lived by begging!

Ravi returned to Matanga, quite annoyed. He proceeded to meet Sudhakar immediately. "Sir, what benefit did you get by sending me to Swavanti on a false mission? How did you expect a mendicant to possess diamonds?" he demanded.

"Who said I expected Motigupta to possess diamonds? You wished to know what is it that I cannot do so that you can try your hand in it. I could not have brought any diamond from Motigupta because he had none! And how did you know that I got no benefit from your absence? The foreign merchants were here the other day. Our transaction was over smoothly and they left yesterday!" Sudhakar said calmly.

Ravi stood stupefied for a moment. Then he smiled. He knew that he had no right to blame Sudhakar for playing a trick upon him, for he was himself trying to play a trick upon Sudhakar through the owner of the lodge. "I must confess that you are the cleverest man I have known.



There is nothing which you cannot accomplish!" commented Ravi.

Sudhakar smiled. "No, my boy," he said, "there is much that I cannot accomplish. For example, I cannot become my own successor. You can. I propose that you marry my daughter—my only child."

Ravi was taken aback. Then he blushed and bowed down to Sudhakar.

The vampire paused for a moment. Then, in a challenging tone, he demanded of the king, "Tell me, O King, what kind of man was Sudhakar? If he desired to have Ravi for his son,



law, why at all did he harass him by sending him to faraway Swavanti? What was so good in Ravi that Sudhakar chose him his successor? Was it not Ravi who was trying to disrupt his business by selling goods cheap to the foreigners? Answer me, O King, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your shoulders!"

Answered King Vikram forthwith: "Sudhakar had no intention of offering his daughter to Ravi when he sent him to Swavanti. He was just outwitting a rival trader, that is all.

But when Ravi paid him a tribute saying that he could accomplish everything, he was impressed by Ravi's humility. After all, he must have someone to succeed him in his business. Ravi certainly qualified for it for he had shown interest in the same trade. If properly trained, Ravi was likely to shine in the business. By choosing him to marry his daughter, Sudhakar proved himself clever once again!"

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip. .

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THE FOOL

Pandeji was quite an influential man in his village. One evening he was returning from the weekly fair in the company of a few friends. Their eyes fell on a bundle lying on the road.

"Let us deposit this in the Police Station. The police will announce about the find in the next weekly fair. Its owner can claim it," proposed a companion of Pandeji.

"You are a fool!" commented Pandeji. He opened the bundle. It contained a thousand rupees. "Come on, let's share this." Pandeji divided the amount among his companions, keeping his share to himself. Others did not like this, but they kept quiet.

Back at home, Pandeji saw that his mother-in-law had arrived only minutes earlier. "My son," she said with some anxiety, "I was carrying a thousand rupees for buying clothes for yourself and my daughter. The bundle slipped off my bag, from the cart, somewhere on the way. I am going out to look for it along the road. Will you inform the police in the meanwhile?"





AN EXCELLENT DISCOVERY

Govind was a servant in the household of Pundit Yash Sharma of Ujjain. The Pundit was a renowned scholar. A number of students resided in his house, learning lessons from him.

Govind was often negligent in his work. The pundit liked the boy. He did not chide him, but he wondered why Govind did not attend to his work properly.

One day, in the course of explaining a problem to his students, the scholar suddenly came out of his room. He saw Govind standing at the entrance, his ear pressed against the door.

"What were you doing?" asked the pundit.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I could not

check myself from listening to your words!" answered the boy.

The pundit was surprised. "Do you mean to say that you could follow my explanation?" he asked.

Govind nodded indicating that he had followed him.

"Can you explain the problem to others?" asked the pundit.

Govind nodded again.

The pundit led him into the room and asked him to say whatever he had understood of his lecture. To his great astonishment, Govind made a fine summary of his lecture.

"From today you are not my servant, but my student!" said the pundit. Govind wept tears of joy and bowed down to him.

Very soon Govind proved himself the pundit's best student. The pundit showered on him great affection.

This caused much heart-burning in the other students. "A servant has the audacity to become a scholar!" they whispered among themselves.

But Govind's was no audacity; it was true talent. He completed his study and was appointed as the headmaster of a Sanskrit school. In a few years he—now known as Pundit Govind Mishra—became famous as a poet and playwright in Sanskrit.

His classmates who had taken

to other professions, refused to believe that Govind really deserved such public acclaim.

Once three of them happened to visit a distant town in another state. They saw some dramatic performances there and were charmed. "We have made an excellent discovery. These plays are definitely far more superior to what Govind writes. We should arrange for these to be translated into Sanskrit and presented in Ujjain," said one of them. The others supported the plan. That would be a rebuff to Govind—they thought. They found out the author. "We enjoyed your plays very much. If





you have no objection, we will employ a scholar to translate them into Sanskrit," they said.

The author thanked them and said politely, "But they are originally written in Sanskrit. I have only adapted them to my language and situation!"

"Is that so? That should make our work easy. We never knew such excellent plays had recent-

ly been written in Sanskrit! Who is the original author?" they asked with curiosity.

"Pundit Govind Mishra of Ujjain," replied the author.

The three friends left him quietly. After they returned to Ujjain, they reestablished their friendship with Govind. Their attitude and impressions had changed.

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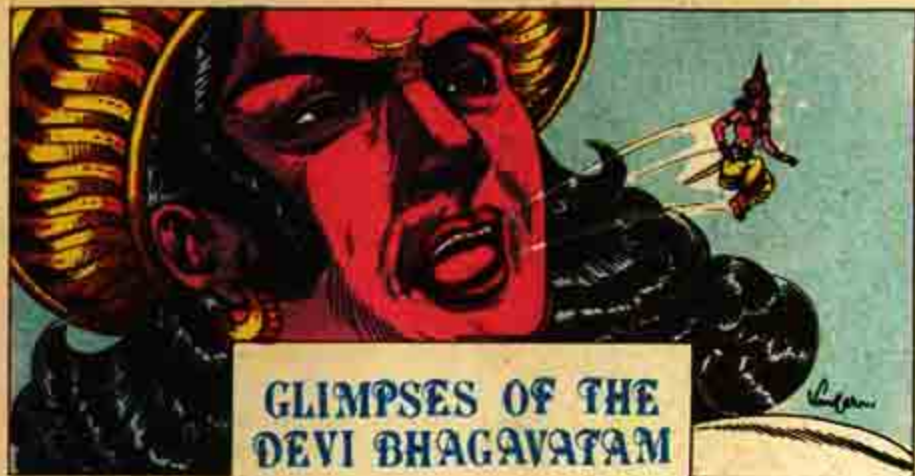


Bengali



Kannada





Twastu Prajapati ordered Vritra to destroy Indra and his citadel by all means. Vritra marched upon the domain of gods.

The news reached Indra in no time. He got ready to face the menace. The sages got panicky at the imminent war. Frequent strifes between the gods and the demons disturbed their peace very much. The demons did not go satisfied only with humiliating the gods; they found it great fun to harass the sages too.

For a long time Indra had no occasion to fight as powerful a foe as Vritrasur. He prepared his army with great care. As soon as Vritra reached the gate-

way to heaven, Indra came out with his soldiers to confront him.

A terrible battle ensued. Vritra defeated Indra and imprisoned him and then gulped him! Gods who witnessed that cried in horror. Some of them ran to Brihaspati, their guru, and reported the happening to him.

Brihaspati had never expected such a predicament to come to Indra in so short a time. There was nothing surprising in the demons inflicting a defeat on the gods. But Vritra swallowing up Indra was a terrific feat!

Brihaspati sat in meditation. He declared after a while, "It is a

PRIDE HAS A FALL — FOR ALL!





matter of consolation that Indra remains unharmed inside Vritra!"

The gods consulted among themselves and created a power called Jrimbhika. The said power entered Vritra and made him yawn. As soon as Vritra opened his mouth and yawned, Indra leaped out to freedom.

The gods raised joyous shouts. But Indra himself was far from being happy. Although he escaped, the experience was quite humiliating. But for the invention of yawning, he would have remained in the demon's tummy!

Indra was defeated in the next

phase of the battle too. Vritra entered Amaravati and plundered the wealth of the gods. He occupied Indra's throne. The gods fled and took shelter at different places. The domain of gods became the pleasure-city of the demons.

Twastu was very happy at his son's success. The demons went mad with joy. They danced and took out crazy processions on earth, on heaven, as well as through the nether-world.

The gods went to Lord Shiva and told him prayfully, "We take refuge with you. Please protect us."

"I shall discuss the issue with Brahma and Vishnu. None but Vishnu can vanquish Vritra," said Shiva.

The gods followed Shiva first to the presence of Brahma and then, along with the latter, to Vaikuntha where Vishnu lived.

Vishnu heard all about the plight of the gods. He looked at Brahma smilingly and told the gods, "It is by the virtue of Brahma's boon that Vritra has grown so powerful. Well, there is nothing wrong in one following a certain discipline and obtaining some power; but it is unfortunate that one should use such power for evil ends—for

satisfying his own vanity. It is not possible to defeat the terrible and wicked demon in a straight fight. We must find some other way—probably in the manner in which I had suppressed Bali as Vamana or had kept the nectar out of the reach of the demons, in the guise of Mohini. Go and ask Indra to negotiate with Vritra for peaceful co-existence. What is more important, pray to Yogmaya, the Divine Mother. You can have no success without her help."

The gods went to Mount Meru and devoted themselves to the worship of Yogmaya. The goddess appeared before them at last. She was clothed in dazzling red and she held a glittering trident. She had three eyes.

The gods prostrated themselves to her and then said, "O Mother, we are rendered helpless. Vritrasur has captured our domain. As if that is not enough, the demons are chasing us and tormenting us. Who but you can come to our rescue?"

Yogmaya assured them of the help and disappeared.

The gods sent a messenger to Vritra to negotiate with him for a compromise with Indra. He met Vritra and told him, "O



Monarch of Demons, now that your desire is fulfilled, why should you be hostile towards Indra? Both of you are great. Is it necessary that you should be enemies of each other? Why not both live in peace? So far as Indra is concerned, he is willing to extend his hand of friendship to you."

"I do not find fault with your suggestion. But Indra can never be trusted. He can commit any sin!" said Vritra.

"No sinner can escape the consequence of his sinful act. Why should you worry on that account? Such thoughts should not stand in the way of your





developing good relation between yourselves," said the messenger.

Vritra was sure of his superiority. He agreed to the proposal.

Indra and Vritra met several times and exchanged sweet words. But while taking strolls in the gardens or along the sea, Indra waited for his chance to kill the demon.

Twastu was surprised to hear that Vritra was freely mixing with Indra. He went to Vritra and told him, "How can you trust Indra? He can go to any extent to get rid of you. None but a crazy demon can befriend

Indra!"

Twastu's warning did not seem to produce any result.

One evening Vritra and Indra were enjoying a walk on the seashore. Vritra had received a boon to the effect that he cannot be killed either during the day or at night. The evening was neither day nor night.

Indra prayed to Yogmaya for help. By then Vritra's crimes and arrogance had reached a degree when consequence was inevitable.

Indra raised his thunder. By the illusion created by Yogmaya, Vritra mistook it to be the foamy wave of the sea.

The thunder fell on Vritra. He was crushed to death.

Indra returned to Amaravati. He made a temple in the Nandan Kanan—the celestial garden—for the Divine Mother. He also expressed his deep gratitude to Vishnu.

However, Indra suffered from a guilty conscience. After all he had been treacherous to a demon who took him for his friend.

Upon hearing of his son's death, Twastu grew furious with Indra. He cursed Indra saying that Indra must undergo hellish sufferings for his mean conduct.

Indeed, Indra could not escape the consequence of his action. He grew pale. The gods, no doubt, benefitted immensely from Vritra's death, but they too lost much of their respect for Indra. The sages looked down upon him.

No wonder that Indra was disheartened. He felt no enthusiasm for any work. Depressed and gloomy, he kept indoors most of the time.

"What worries you, now that you have no foe to fear?" asked Shachi Devi, his consort.

"I am beset with a sense of guilt. Nothing can make me happy. I find no joy in dance and music. There is no peace in heart," said Indra.

One day he slipped away from his palace, hiding from all. He took shelter in the great lake, the Manasarovar. Like a serpent he crept into the stem of a lotus and passed his time there.

There was disorder everywhere because of Indra's disappearance. Since Indra was missing for long, the gods and the sages began looking for a suitable person to sit on the throne of heaven.

King Nahusha was their choice. He was famous for his



nobility and ability, though a human being.

Unfortunately, once on Indra's throne, King Nahusha lost his balance of mind. Power made him proud—so much so that he demanded that Shachi Devi become his queen!

The gods found the situation quite embarrassing. They sought the advice of their guru, Brihaspati.

As advised by Brihaspati, Shachi Devi informed Nahusha that she proposed to perform a Yajna, wishing her husband's return. If the rite showed no result, she would of course become Nahusha's queen!





Nahusha agreed to wait.

The Yajna was duly performed. But there was no sign of Indra coming back.

Shachi Devi prayed to Yogmaya for help. Yogmaya took her to Indra's hiding place. Indra told her what she should do.

Shachi Devi sent a message to Nahusha asking him to come to her in a palanquin borne by sages—if he wished to marry her.

Nahusha summoned eight sages and ordered them to carry

him in a palanquin to Shachi Devi's palace. The sages were obliged to do as ordered.

Among them was Agastya, who proved slow. The impatient Nahusha kicked him and said, "Sarpa!" The word meant, "Go fast!"

Agastya lost his temper. "Become Sarpa!" he said. By "Sarpa" he meant serpent.

At once Nahusha turned into a serpent and came crashing down to the earth.

THE FAULTLESS PUBLICATION

The Honolulu Zoo has published several booklets like *Birds of Hawaii*, *Sheep of Hawaii*, etc. One of the titles is *Snakes of Hawaii*.

A reviewer's comment on the book is, it is "completely devoid of zoological, grammatical or printing errors."

The fact is, all the pages of this publication are blank. There are no snakes in Hawaii.





**CHANDAMAMA
DICTIONARY OF
SELECT WORDS
AND PHRASES**

ANTIC (Adj. and N):
Grotesque or Fantastic.

ANTICS (N): Funny action
or tricks.



APPLE (N): The fruit of the
apple-tree, of course.
Lucky are they who learn
about it not by reading but
by eating it. The same ap-
plies to APPLE-PIE.





APPLE-PIE ORDER (N):
Perfect order or condition.

ARIMASPI (N): Herodotus, the Greek historian, described Arimaspi as one-eyed people living in the extreme north, always fighting with the griffins (animals with lion's body and eagle's wings and beak).



I ONLY ASKED
HIM THE MEANING
OF ARSY VARSY.



ARSY VARSY (Slang):
Topsy-turvy.





The Goddess and the Idler

Subodh and Kumar were two brothers. They had lost their father. Their mother worked hard to maintain them.

As soon as Subodh grew up a little, he began helping his mother in her work.

But it was different with Kumar. He became notorious as the most idle boy in the village. His mother tried her best to persuade him to do some work; if not, to go to school. But he paid no heed to her advice.

The mother thought that if the two brothers were separated, Kumar will be obliged to work for a living. So she separated them.

Even that did not produce the

desired result. Kumar spent his time loitering in the village—sharing a meal with one friend or another.

After a week he found no food. Hungry, he lay down on the temple veranda at night—thinking of the deity of the temple.

At midnight he woke up and saw a luminous figure standing before him. He had no difficulty in knowing that she was the deity. He prostrated himself to the vision.

"Why are you lying here?" asked the deity.

"Where else to go, Mother? I have no means of making the both ends meet!" said Kumar.

The deity took pity on him. "Tell me what work you can do. I shall see to it that not only you get work, but also your work brings you a windfall".

"Mother, I know nothing except a little of agriculture."

"That is fine," said the deity and the vision went out.

There was a forest near the village. It so happened that the king came to camp in the village the very next day, while crossing the forest. He enquired about the condition of the villagers. Coming to know that Subodh and Kumar were the only two young men in the village who

possessed no land, he allotted an acre each of the forest land to them.

The land that fell to Subodh's lot looked better than the land Kumar had acquired. Kumar hurried to Subodh and said, "Brother, you know how inefficient I am. What can I do with the land that I received? Yours is a fine plot. Should you not give me that piece and take mine?"

Subodh agreed. He took over Kumar's land and began working on it. While he was cutting a dead tree, he found, from a hollow in it, two sticks of gold.



Kumar happened to see the find. Repenting for the exchange of the lands, he said, "Brother, the gold ought to be mine, for the land was originally mine. Give me one stick of gold."

Subodh refused. Kumar went back sad.

Although Subodh was now rich with the find, there was no sign of his losing interest in his work. He continued levelling the land and tilling it. In a fortnight the land became a shining plot.

Kumar's land was lying uncared for. When Kumar saw

Subodh's land, he said entreatingly, "Brother, you have a pair of magic hands. In no time you can change a wasteland into a luxuriant plot. Should you not take my piece of land and give me yours?"

"Let it be so," said Subodh.

The lands changed hands again. Subodh at once began working on the new land. He was levelling a mound when his spade struck a buried jar. It was full of jewels!

Kumar, hearing of his brother's luck, came running to him and said, "Brother, I owned the land till yesterday. Don't





you think that I should have half of the buried wealth?"

"No," was Subodh's curt reply.

Kumar returned disappointed. At night he went to sleep on the temple veranda again, weeping for a while.

The deity appeared to him in dream and said in a stern voice, "What a good-for-nothing chap you are! I inspired pity in the king's heart and made it possible for you to get the land. I deposited two gold sticks for you. When you foolishly gave up that land, I hid a jar with jewels in your new land. That too you lost because of your impatience. Well, no power can help him who refuses to help himself!"

Kumar woke up. He now realised how he had created his own misfortune.

In the morning he went to his land and started working on it. Soon he produced crop. The tender blades of the sprouting crop delighted him. He gave more and more attention to his field and took steps for a healthy growth of the crop.

Subodh, along with their mother, paid a visit to him one day and said, "We need not live separately any longer. All I wanted was that you should learn to work. Had I given you a part of the gold and the jewels, you would have idled away your time and wasted the wealth too. Now you know the joy of work. I have no hesitation in telling you that you own half of all I have!"

Thus were the two brothers united again and they lived under their mother's care.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Chandamama

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 25/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for February '82 goes to:
Mr.S.Nanda Kumar, T.C.29/1035,
Paruthikattu Veedu, Sreekanteswaram, Trivandrum.
The Winning Entry — 'Merciless Sight' — 'Harmless Bite'

**PICKS FROM
THE WISE**

The absent are never without fault, nor the present without excuse.
— Benjamin Franklin

Chance is the pseudonym of God when He did not want to sign.
— Anatole France

A variety of nothing is better than a monotony of something.
— Jean Paul Richter



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The results will be final and no correspondence regarding the same will be considered.

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CONTEST NO. 24

Chandamama [English]

April 1982



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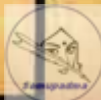
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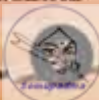
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